The Chronicle and Index

OF THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

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The Rev. J. C. Street acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions in aid of the gratuitous publication of the *Chronicle and Index*:—

W. E. Coysh, London,	£0	5	0

Further contributions are respectfully invited.

The Treasurer of the Unitarian Society acknowledges with thanks the following annual subscriptions:—

Mr. W. E. Coysh, London, ...	£0	5	0
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It is pleasant to notice the multiplying activities of our churches now that the autumn season is changing into winter. The sounds and signs of work are manifest everywhere. We hope there will be a time of spiritual refreshing and success, and that the hearts of all true workers will be cheered by the blessings which will follow their labour.

The Monthly Special Services at Rosemary Street Sunday School were commenced on Sunday morning, October 2nd. There was a good attendance of teachers and scholars. Mr. Sydney H. Street conducted the devotional service, and the address to the children was delivered by the Rev. J. C. Street. It is intended to hold these services every month.

The Sunday Evening Services of the Church of the Second Congregation, Rosemary Street, Belfast, re-commenced with the month of October; and the following subjects have been treated by the Rev. J. C. Street:—

"Our Message about God."
"Our Beliefs about Man."
"Our Longings after Holiness."
"Our Hope of Immortality."

And the Rev. W. Reynolds, on the last Sunday of the month, treated of—

"A False Alarm."

The attendances have been encouraging.

Tories and Whigs, Radicals and Democrats, have been meeting and demonstrating together of late on political platforms. Is the day coming when, here in Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, Trinitarian and Unitarian, will meet together on a common religious platform, and, ignoring mere dogmatic differences, labour together in unity of spirit for the promotion of peace on earth and good will towards men?

The Missionary Societies are not going to be allowed to have it all their own way. Chinese and Japanese scholars and teachers are asking what advantages will accrue to their native countries if the religion professed and practiced by their people is exchanged for Christianity. They point out the irreligion, war, improvidence, drunkenness and crime existing in Christendom, and ask whether it will be advantageous to import these things? Very natural is such a question. The physician must heal himself before he can minister to similar diseases from that which he suffers among other people. Only the clean can profitably teach cleanliness, and only the pure set forth purity. We must get back to the holiness of Jesus, if we want to win disciples to Him.

The Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement

Association has entered upon the sixteenth year of its labours. The opening Soiree was held on Monday, October 9th, and was very successful. There was a bright, happy meeting, and several new members were elected.

At the following meetings the following programme was carried out:—

October 10—"Watchman, What of the Night?" By Mr. Alex. Bowman.

November 17—"The Human Voice: Its Mechanism and Management Illustrated by Drawings and Demonstrations with the Laryngoscope." By Mr. S. Leighton.

November 24—"Animal Mechanism." By Rev. W. Reynolds, B.A.

The Meetings have all been well attended, and the discussions have been of an interesting and instructive character.

OUR readers will have heard with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Richard Pilcher, B.A., of Warrington. Two years ago he preached the Annual Sermons of the Unitarian Society, and his visit will long be remembered by those who then, for the first time, made his personal acquaintance. His genial, happy spirit impressed all who came in contact with him. By those who have known him intimately and well for many years past he will be greatly missed and mourned. He was true-hearted, pure-souled, a scholar, an earnest worker, and a sincerely pious man. His life was transparently pure, and the influence he exerted everywhere was sweet and good. He has gone home, and the blessings of many go with him.

Mr. SPURGEON is in a state of alarm! He thinks the Baptist denomination is being riddled by the doubts and scepticism of the age, and that the old doctrines of Calvinism are disappearing from the minds and teachings of the young generation of preachers. He is quite right. Not only is the pulpit but the pew also giving up Calvinism. It is rapidly dying a natural death. The spirit of the age is killing the old dogmas. Not only is this the case in the Baptist denomination, but it is the case throughout orthodox Christendom. The errors of the past are dying fast, and the old phraseology can no longer be made to hold the new thought and life of the age in which we live. It will take forces greater than any wielded by Mr. Spurgeon to arrest the floodtide of progress which is rolling over the world. God moves majestically, and His spirit is bearing away the mistakes and follies of the former days. He works with man—and now man is working more consciously with Him.

THE Church Conference the other day was startled by the utterances of one of its ecclesiastics who told the story of the progress of Islamism, and the victories it was gaining both over African heathenism, and also over missionary Christianity. He urged Christians to treat Mahomedanism as a friend and co-worker with Christianity, and not as an enemy. It is a new teaching for Protestant Christians; but it is thoroughly in harmony with facts, and only the ignorant and the wilfully blind can be unobservant of the truth of what was set forth. There is a great universal religion underlying all our sectarian differences, and wise men are seeking for the essential elements, and thanking God for every discovery of such that they make.

HOW I LEFT ORTHODOXY.

"CALVINISM AND METHODISM—THEIR JOINT AND THEIR CONTRARY INFLUENCES UPON ME."

BY JAMES C. STREET.

No. 2—*Continued.*

These *two influences*—those of Calvinism and of Methodism—had *conjoined* in making me feel the reality and power of religion. No one could see the men and women among whom I lived, and be in the midst of the influences which surrounded me, without feeling that behind the doctrines and words of these people there was a power which was continually at work in their lives and urging them forward. They were not hypocrites. I have always felt a sense of joy that in my early life I was not thrown among false people who professed and traded upon religion but did not absorb it into their lives. Had this been my lot, my revolt against some dogmas would, I fear, have

eventuated in my revolt against religion. But this was not so. I saw very vividly two worlds about me—a world of coarse, hard, and brutal sin, in which cruel deeds were done, and awful words were spoken, and a world somewhat gloomy, it is true, and somewhat distracted in its beliefs, but full of earnestness, of fidelity, of faith, and of prayer. Up to this time I did not know the plausible go-betweens, the men and women who could face both ways, and who were false to both. I was among realities, and among true people. Calvinism and Methodism had their differences, more grave and far-reaching than I understood at this time of my life, but so far as they presented themselves to me they gave me a sense of the seriousness of life, the sacredness of holiness, the necessity of living to God, and the desire to work in such a way that I should be pleasing to Him.

From them I understood that there was a wide distinction between the world and the kingdom of God. I had not at this time any comprehension of the possible fact that all the world, and all the worlds were God's, and that His pervading influence sanctified every place, and was making all life tend towards Him. I was taught by both agencies that there was the sharpest possible separation between saints and sinners. Sometimes I got a glimpse of the way in which all this arose. The God who appeared to me behind the teachings of the Calvinists presented a hard, unlovely, and stern aspect, without one element that could draw the aching heart or the burdened spirit to Him. There seemed no need of any other being to account for the dreadful facts which encompassed the world. His will seemed quite enough, and I must admit that from the lips of my Calvinistic friends I heard but very little about the *devil*. They did not seem to need him. The phenomena of sin and suffering were quite easily accounted for without any other agency than God. But you can easily see what an idea of God was thus left in my mind. Almightiness it was, but not the almightiness of love. I felt, but I dreaded the power. Instead of being benevolent it seemed to me malevolent. But from Methodism I heard much about the *devil*, and he seemed to me to be a necessity in their system. Otherwise, how could the presence of saints and sinners, and the facts of heaven and hell be accounted for? For God seemed really to be good, He had created us all, and loved us all, and strove in manifold ways to bring us to safety and to joy. It appeared to be no fault of His. He seemed to me to be ever striving, and ever anxious, and yet He strove in vain. Most of His children got away from Him. They could not be held in bounds. Against the wish of God they were damned! It all seemed very strange and sad, and I felt sorry for God. He was evidently overpowered. How could this be explained? The poor, wayward, weakness of man could not sufficiently account for the phenomena. There was surely another dread energy at work, a power antagonistic to God, fighting Him in His own universe, and carrying away the spoils. The Methodists spoke of this dreadful being as "the enemy of souls," and as "a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour." There was a perpetual duel between him and God, and neither could gain a complete victory. But I saw now how it was that there was so much sin, and that there were so many sinners; and I was no longer puzzled to account for hell; and I listened eagerly, as it was set forth how God gained the victory at last, and shut down for ever the devil and his angels, and all sinners for ever within its awful deeps, and left them to their frightful and unendurable misery. But though the great foe was vanquished, there was always a deep sorrow left in my heart. I could not but be sorry for God that His victory was attended with such horrors; that many whom He had wished to save were lost for ever, and that He would never be able to win them back. And I felt an untold sense of desolation and woe as I thought of the suffering souls who were shut up for ever amid the ghastly horrors of hell, and their cries of agony seemed often to haunt me. Nay, I was sorry for the devil himself, his fight had been so protracted. He had confronted the Eternal Himself, and was only vanquished after ages of conflict. Was there not power and magnanimity enough to lift him out of the deeps and

restore the peace and joy of the universe? However, behind all this there came clear to me the immense distinction there was between the men of this world, and the saints of the kingdom of God, and I felt at times a burning desire to be numbered among the saints.

But somehow I was driven to and fro. I could not find rest for my mind. The hardness of Calvinism repelled me, the inefficiency of Methodism daunted me. One system made the world a vast prison-house from which there was no escape except as arranged by the jailer; and the other made it a theatre for the contention of God and the devil for the prize of man's soul, the victor carrying away the spoil. I felt that I must get out of the prison-house, and that if the only other way open for one was that presented by Methodism, I must enlist myself under the banner of God, and help Him to vanquish the devil.

I was now in a strange position. My *heart* was in revolt against Calvinism, and my *head* was in revolt against Methodism. Neither of them satisfied my whole nature, and the two together were irreconcilable. My week-day theology would not fit in with my Sunday teachings. Between the two voices I got distracted. I was anxious to be right. I could neither get the assurance which some of the Calvinists had that I was among the elect, nor, though I did my best, and sought to the uttermost, I could not experience that "conversion" or "new-birth" of which the Methodists spoke. If I wanted help, as I did sorely at times, I hardly knew where to turn. On the one side I was repelled by a system which told me that all was settled about me long before I was born, and I could not learn how it had been settled; and on the other I was checked by demands upon me with which I tried in vain to comply. I could not "find grace," nor comply with the demands made upon me at the "prayer meeting," the "class meeting," or the "penitent form." So between these contending influences I was swayed about like a young sapling in a storm, bending at times to such an extent that there was danger lest the religious element within me should be snapped asunder, but nevertheless becoming more deeply rooted than I knew at the time in the everlasting principles of a faith and hope which at length would shine forth into the perfect day. What was the saving element within me? Was it that unconscious influence which I always felt about me from my father's devoted, earnest, and joyous religious life, always trusting in God, and always assured of His love, or was it that yearning wistfulness of motherhood pleading for her children though her logic and theology seemed forever to close the door of hope? or may it not have been that substratum of the divine which I have since learned is in every human heart, always testifying to the presence of God, and always urging with a wondrous music when struck by the cares or troubles of life? Perhaps all these combined enabled me amid the distractions of contending systems, while accepting neither nor able to reconcile both, yet to hold fast to the good and the holy, and to struggle ever towards the fuller light. For there was a light—a trembling light burning within me, and I understood what my friend and fellow-townsman meant when he sang:—

"I have a little trembling light, which still
All tenderly I keep, and ever will.
I think it never wholly dies away:
But oft it seems as if it could not stay,
And I do strive to keep it if I may.
* * * *
Sometimes it seems there is no flame at all,
I look quite close, because it is so small:
Then all for sorrow do I weep and sigh;
But some one seems to listen when I cry,
And the light burns up, and I know not why."

Had my good friends forgotten the "light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?" I fear they had, and it was not until some time after all this that I really understood it myself. But when it burst in upon my mind the grim shadows and horrid fears fled, as darkness ever flies before the blaze of day. But not as yet had that clear light dawned for me. Though I had fitful glimmerings, I was as yet groping blindly in the darkness and trying to touch God's right hand in the darkness. I was passing through the early stages of a strange spiritual apprenticeship. Much hard struggling, many fierce fights, steep and

craggy roads lay before me, and it would be long ere the sun-crowned heights would be reached. I had meanwhile to toil and struggle on like many another son of God, and often had to do so when the skies were stormy, and friends cold, and the world hostile; when I was bruised on the rough pathway, faint with the long and painful effort, and all but overwhelmed with the numberless difficulties, I read, I prayed, I thought, I wrought, I sought seasons of quiet meditation, I plunged into active pursuits. Sometimes fears haunted me like spectres, sometimes sweet faces beamed love upon me; at one time I was ready to cry out with the poet—

> A still small voice spake unto me,
> "Thou art so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be?"

And at another time there leaped up within me such strange hopes and assurances that my heart cried out, "rejoice! rejoice!"

Helped and hindered; spurred on and restrained; uplifted and depressed; inspired and despairing, Calvinism and Methodism left me no solid ground of faith or hope; rudderless in the little boat of my life, I was the plaything of the storm-tossed waters, and the sport of every breeze. I wanted help, guidance, comfort, light, strength; but neither the strange little group of Calvinists who gathered about my mother's life, nor the passionately earnest men and women who belonged to the Church in which my father had lived and died could supply my need, and if there was no help to be got elsewhere, I felt that my frail bark would sink in the deep waters or be dashed to pieces on the rocks of doubt and despair. Had it really come to this—that I had no Helper, no Guide? was there no Comforter, no light bringer, no Almighty Helper? I had to wait, and the answer came at last.

"A WAY OPENING OUT FOR ME. THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT. MY SURRENDER FOR THE BELIEF IN HELL."

No. 3.

"And we have the more firm prophetical word: whereunto you do well to attend as to a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."—2 Peter i. 19.

It is, without doubt, a painful position for a child to be placed in, to be subject to contradictory teachings and influences at the very time when of all others he needs safe and steady guidance, and a leadership which will keep him out of the reach of spiritual shipwreck. In such a position he finds himself not only helpless, but lost. He is in a bewildering maze, and whichever way he turns he is only deeper in the tangled labyrinth. Whether he is in a worse position than the child who is under specific guidance, and taught only by those who are in no manner of doubt about what is truth, but who believe they are perfectly instructed in the Divine ways, and have the sanctions of infallible records, I need hardly now discuss. In either case the child has a career of no little difficulty before him. The one is sent out on an eager, restless quest for the truth, and often seems to be destined to seek in vain unto the end, and the other, as years pass by, finds himself in deep ruts and on ancient ways, from which he may have neither the inclination nor the energy to turn, no matter what better paths may open out, as he journeys on through life. The one may become a free rover in the domains of thought, restless and dissatisfied, and always seeking for what he never attains, and the other may prove to be a slave to custom and routine, and unable to take one step or breathe one breath of freedom. Or, on the other hand, one may develop the free searching spirit, escaping from all bondage, and finding loftier truth every day, and able to listen to every voice about him, and to learn with growing joy God's lessons of harmony and love, while the other may say, "I have found my truth, my peace is here, I am content to stay, and I need move no further from my place of rest." These two types of minds will result from the different influences and conditions which surround the growing boy.

I was subjected to the strain of contrary teachings. Whatever definiteness there was, and there was much, it was of a contradictory nature. The teachers did not agree. It was impossible to hold with both. I found it difficult to put myself altogether under the guidance of either. There was in me a spirit

of inquiry, and also a desire for knowledge, which I could not and did not wish to restrain. But there was more than this. As a boy I passed through many hardships, and suffered greatly from a sense of injustice. I knew what it was not simply to work hard, early and late; *that was nothing;* but to smart under savage and unjust treatment. Even yet I burn with indignation when I think how men who ought to have known better, and to have dealt with those under them more justly, pained and tortured me. I cannot to this day bear to reflect upon the cruelty I saw and experienced. I felt within me a deep, burning sense of wrong; had I been strong enough I could have smitten the wrong-doers to the earth, but as it was I had to carry the sores in my heart, and let them teach me lessons which might be of use to me as I advanced in life. There grew up within me a spirit of revolt against all cruelty and all injustice. I could not bear to see a wrong inflicted. The torture of a bird or beast caused me exquisite pain, and wrong done to a human being roused every element of righteousness within me. It was something growing out of this which most probably caused my revolt against the terrible doctrine of Predestination, and made me feel sympathy for the greater appearance of fairness in the teachings of Methodism.

But I was still in a state of uneasy restlessness. My sense of what was right, and just, and good was by no means satisfied. The state of the problem was shifted by my rejection of Predestination, but it was left in a condition that called for a better solution than Methodism offered. It appeared to me that now the matter stood thus. God *wanted* to save man but *could* not. He was counteracted by the perverse will of man himself, and by the active agency of the Devil. Wishes, aims, and plans of a benevolently disposed Diety were unavailing against the malignant forces that were hostile. It was a piteous state of things. For despite the waywardness and ignorance of men it was impossible to believe that any of them desired to be lost, and it was clear that God desired to save them. And yet despite all this there was the grim result that multitudes went down shuddering into the awful deeps of Hell. The issue could not be left in such a state as this. But how was it to be altered?

Up to this time I had accepted without any questioning whatever the teaching which was current among Calvinists and Methodists alike, that the Bible was an infallible standard of authority, and that whatever could be stated in its words was thereby proved to be the word and truth of God. I cannot say that I had *thought* about the matter. In this respect I was like most young people. I heard every one around me speaking of this as an indubitable truth, and I did not even know that any one had ever questioned it. It seemed to me one of the things about which there was no dispute, and could be none. The one concern in my mind therefore was to ascertain if I could what the Bible said. I did not dream of going beyond it, or of setting myself against it, but I was very anxious to know what it really said. Passages were quoted in my hearing again and again which seemed to me to affirm that there were many human beings who would certainly be lost, and lost for ever. I heard them with a pang at my heart that was like the crash of doom. They seemed to close the door of Hope, and to make me feel what a dreadful thing it was that beings who were going to be damned should ever have been created at all. I remember wishing that everything could be stopped, and that the end of all things would come. It seemed so dreadful to think that not only multitudes of those who had lived and died, and multitudes of those who were living now, but that also multitudes yet unborn were to be tortured for ever in fire and brimstone. Did it not seem a pity that this work of creation should go on? But at last a day came when in my hearing one or two passages of Scripture were quoted which startled me into asking whether, after all, the doctrine of an endless Hell was really taught in them, and whether my friends were not mistaken. I was not questioning the infallibility of the standard at all—I had not reached that point in my personal history—I was only questioning the infallibility of my friends and teachers. This in itself is an important step in the life of any-

one. At first we stand opensouled before our teachers. Their words are true to us. We go to them in our questionings, and they answer us. We do not dream of going behind their answers. To us these teachers, especially if we have learned to love them, stand in the place of God to us. They are the centre and source of authority.

(To be continued).

"No Church performs its duty to the young that fails to raise the fundamental subject of sex into its proper human level. It is bound to rouse every young man and woman of its congregation to the perception that respect for the principle of sex, with fidelity to purity, is a fundamental condition of religious life." From *The Moral Education of the Young in Relation to Sex.*" By Dr. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

Rosemary Street Mutual Improvement Association.

SIXTEENTH SESSION, 1887-88.

The Committee have the pleasure of announcing the following

PROGRAMME UNTIL CHRISTMAS 1887.

1887.			
Nov.	7—	"Green and Orange," ..	Mr. John Cuming.
„	14—	"A Bit of Coal—been there,"	Rev. Jas. Rentoul.
„	21—	Short Original Papers, ..	Members and Friends.
„	28—	"Epitaphs,"	Rev. J. A. Kelly.
Dec.	5—	"The Resources of Civilization,"	Mons. Dubois.
„	12—	"Some Thoughts on Atheism,"	Mr. W. J. Sloane.
„	19—	Music and Readings, ..	Members and Friends.

The Meetings are held on MONDAY EVENINGS at Eight o'clock, in the Rosemary Street Schools.

MEMBER'S SUBSCRIPTION.—4s. per annum, which entitles to the use of the Library. Subscriptions for the Sixteenth Session are now due and should be paid to the Treasurer, D. BULMER, 32, Queen Street, *as early as possible.*

The Library will be open at 1 p.m. on Sundays, and on every Monday Evening during the Session.

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